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The Harp

S e v e n D i a l s
[London]

[18--]

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Imprint : Seven Dials [London] : Printed by J. Catnach, [18--]

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Note : Cover title.

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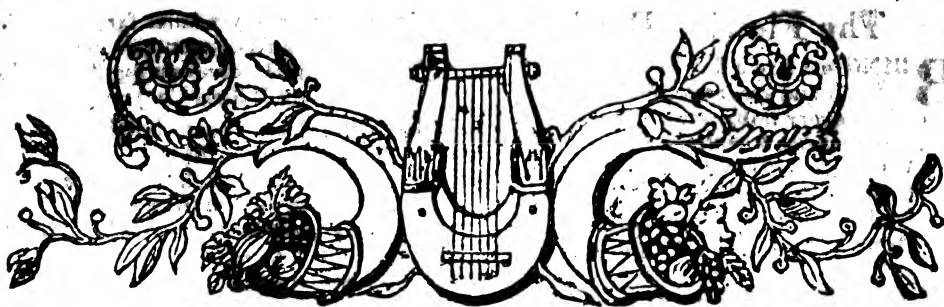
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THE HARP.

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Maiden of Staffa. (to Me.
All's Well.

Streamlet that Flow'd round her Cot.



THE stream-let that flow'd round her cot, All the charms, all the charms



of my E - mi - ly know. How oft has its course been for - got,



While it paus'd, while it paus'd her dear image to view! paus'd her dea

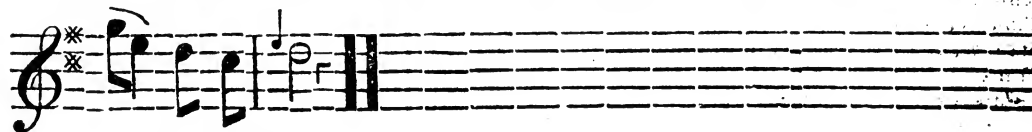


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Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize.

For silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

Printed and Sold by J. Catnach, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.

The Flowing Bowl.

BRING me boy a flowing bowl,
 Deep and spacious as the sea;
 Thou shall every noble soul,
 Drink and fathom it with me.
 While we revel in delight,
 Ere to part would be a sin,
 And since care is put to flight,
 Drink and fill the bowl again.

Let the hoary miser toil,
 We such sordid views despise;
 Give us wine and beauty's smile---
 There each glowing rapture lies.

While we revel, &c.

Care! thou bane of every joy,
 To some distant region fly;
 Here reigns Bacchus, jolly boy;---
 Hence! old greybeard--- hence! and die.
 While good humour is afloat,
 Here to part would be a sin;
 Let us sail in Pleasure's boat---
 Drink and fill the bowl again.

Waken, Lords & Ladies Gay.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day;
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk and horse and hunting spear.
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they---
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray;
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
 And foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thickest green:
 Now we come to chant our lay---
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away:
 We can show you where he lies---
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
 You shall see him brought to bay:
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them, youth and mirth and glee
 Run a course as well as we.
 Time, stern huntsman! who can balk?
 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk:
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay. *Sir W. Scott.*

Roland Cheyne.

By Allan Cunningham.

THE sun upon a summer morn,
 The dark cloud when it snows,
 The woods all in their fragrant leaves,
 The green grass as it grows,

Are fair to see---yet fairer far,
 Seems ocean's summering brine,
 Through which comes sailing thy good ship
 My gallant Roland Cheyne.

I saw the gloomy ocean laugh,
 As suns laugh in April;
 I saw the canvass catch the breeze
 With more of sigh than smile.
 And, Oh! my heart leap'd like to burst
 My silken laces nine,
 As I lost sight of thy good ship,
 My gallant Roland Cheyne.

As by the salt sea-wave I sat---
 And as its snowy foam,
 Sang at my foot, I sigh'd, and said,
 O when wilt thou come home!
 Brown are the giddy dames of France,
 And swarthy those of Spain;
 Old Scotland's maids are lily white---
 Return my Roland Cheyne.

The Exile of Erin.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of
 Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy & chill
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight
 repairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devo-
 tion,

For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger

A home and a country remain not to me
 Never again in the green sunny bowers
 Where my fore-fathers liv'd shall I spend the
 sweet hours, (ers,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flow-
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
 more.

Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace where no perils can
 chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me,
 They died to defend me or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood
 Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that look'd on my child-
 hood? (all?

And where is the bosom friend, dearer than
 Oh, my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure
 Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without
 measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lorn bosom can draw.

Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers---Erin go Bragh!
 Buried & cold, when my heart stills its motion
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with
 devotion,
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!

Nothing. A New Song.

WHEN rhyming and verses at first were
 in fashion, (sion,
 And poets and authors indulged in their pas-
 Select what they might, for their subjects was
 new; (can do.
 And that's more than our modern scribblers
 The ancients have work'd upon each thing in
 nature,
 Describ'd its variety, genius, and feature,
 They having exhausted all fancy could bring
 As nothing is left, why of nothing I sing.

CHORUS.

From nothing we came, and whatever our
 station,
 To nothing we owe an immense obligation;
 Whatever we gain or whatever we learn,
 In time we shall all into nothing return.
 This world came from nothing, at least so says
 history, (mystery.
 Of course about nothing, there's something of
 Man came from nothing, & by the same plan,
 Woman was made from the rib of a man.
 Since then a man thinks a nothing of taking
 A woman to join, and again his rib making;
 As nothing can give so much joy to his life,
 As nothing so sweet as a good humoured wife.
 Thinking of nothing is some folks enjoyment,
 Doing of nothing a many's employment;
 The love of this nothing have some folks so
 strong, (long.
 They say nothing---do nothing, all the day
 Some pass their time, nothing beginning,
 By nothing losing, and by nothing winning;
 Nothing they buy and nothing they sell,
 Nothing they know, and of nothing they tell.
 There's something in nothing exceedingly
 clever,
 Nothing will last out for ever and ever;
 Time will make every thing fade away fast,
 While nothing will certainly durable last.
 You may talk about anything but its condition
 While nothing for certain can't bear compe-
 tition;
 And so I praise nothing, for nothing my gains
 And nothing I certainly get for my pains.
 That life is all nothing is plainer and plainer
 So he who gets nothing is surely a gainer,
 All about nothing I prove pretty plain;
 Take nothing from nothing, there'll nothing
 remain. (ning,
 Thus with this nothing the time out I'm spin-
 Nothing will sometimes set many folks grin-
 ning;
 Believe me in this, there is nothing so true,
 The author wrote this, having nothing to do.

Wha'll be King but Charlie.

THERE's news from Moldart sam' yes-
 treen,

Will soon gar mony farlie,
 For ships of war hae just come in,
 And landed Royal Charlie;

Come thro' the heather,
 Around him gither,
 Ye're a, the welcomer early;
 Come round him cling,
 Wi' a' y'er kin,
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?

Come thro' the heather,
 Around him gither,
 Come Ronald, come Donald,
 Come a' the gither,
 An' crown your rightful lawful king,
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword, in hand
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late an' early,
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie.

The Lowlands a' baith great and sma',
 Wi' mony a lord an' laird hae,
 Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
 An' speir ye wha but Charlie.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
 An' be't complete an' early,
 His very name our hearts' blood warms,
 To arm for Royal Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, &c



Fanny, the Pride of the Dell.

HOW blest our condition! how jocund
 our day?

Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
 To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
 To lead the stray'd lamb to the fold.

To fetch up the kine for the maiden we love,
 And guard her from noon's burning beam
 To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro'
 the grove

The heifer which pants for the stream,
 To carry her pail, when with milk she o'erflows
 To wait while she rests on the grass:

gather the king-cup, the woodbine or rose,
To make her a posy the while.
'Tis Fanny, the lovely, who causes my smart,
'Tis she does all maidens excel; (my heart,
If you ask her dear name who has conquer'd
'Tis Fanny the pride of the dell.

The Green-wood Shade.

TO an arbor of woodbine ye both shall be
led; (bed
Soft leaves for your pillow the grass for your
While wanton young sparrows chirp o'er your
head. All under the green-wood shade
When the moon with pale lustre, just peeps
through the grove
And nightingales answer the chaste turtle dove
The maid, without blushing, shall clasp her
true-love.
All under the green-wood shade.
Our pleasure, quite harmless, begin with the
day,
We ever are buxom, we ever are gay,
No virgin dissemble, no shepherds betray;
All under the green-wood-shade.



My Dog and my Gun.

LET gay ones and great,
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run;
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite

The words from Clare's Poems

HERE we meet too soon to part,
Here to leave will raise a smart,
Here I'll press thee to my heart,
Where none have place above thee;
Here I vow to love thee well,
Could but words unseal the spell,
Had I but language, strength to tell,
I'd say how much I love thee.
Here the rose that docks the door,
Here the thorn that spreads thy bow'r,

Here the willow on the moor,
The birds at rest above thee
Had they light of love to see,
Sense of soul like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be,
How doatingly I love thee.

The Spring-Time of the Year.

O Well do I remember that long but
lovely hour (each gently closing flower
When the stars had met, and the dews had wet
When the moon lit trees way'd in the breeze
above the sleeping deer,
And we fondly stray'd through the greenwood
shade, in the spring time of the year,
When all was still beneath the bright moon's
chaste and quiet eye,
Save the ceaseless flow of the stream below, &
the night wind's fragrant sigh,
Which brought the song of the distant throng
so faintly to the ear,
As we fondly stray'd through the greenwood
shade, in the spring-time of the year.
O, like the infant's dream of joy, was that
sweet hour to me! (from fear as free;
As pure, as bright, as swift in flight, from care
And from my heart the life must part, which
now its pulse doth cheer,
Ere the thought shall fade of that greenwood
shade, in the spring time of the year.

The Time for Lovers.

BEHOLD the moon o'er western hills,
Her silver head discovers,
O 'tis a sweet, a charming night,
'Tis just the time for lovers.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass,
Red is the rose and bonny,
But a' their sweets can ne'er surpass,
The charms of Lowland ANNIE.

Then come my love while Luna's beam,
Illumines glen and mountain;
Come, let us rove the woodbine grove,
Where flows the murm'ring fountain.

Tho' rich ones may despise my lot,
I envy not their pleasure,
More dear to me my clay-built cot,
Possessing thee, my treasure---Sweet, &c. C

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair.

WITH tuneful pipe, and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart;
A blyther swain you couldna see,
All beauty without art.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy says he'll marry me
Gin e'er he marries ony.

O came you by yon water-side?
Pull'd you the rose or lily

Or came you by yon meadow-green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
And flowers spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield



The way-worn Traveller.

FAIN'T & wearily the way-worn traveller
Plods, uncheerily, afraid to stop,
Wandering drearily; a sad unraveller
Of the mazes towards the mountain's top;
Doubting, fearing,
While his course he's steering,
Cottages appearing
As he's nigh to drop;

Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
Treads the mazes toward the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
'Twould be folly now to think on't more;
Blithe and jolly he the keg holds fast by,
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door,

Eating, quaffing,
At past labours laughing,
Better far, by half, in
Spirits than before;

Oh! how merry then the rested traveller
Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door!

Crazy Jane.

WHY fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd,
Can a wand'ring wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain,
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish,
Mark me and avoid my woe,
When men flatter, sigh and languish,
Think them false,---I found them so.
For I lov'd him so sincerely,
None could ever love again,
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one,
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
He was false---and I undone,

From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain
Henry fled, with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met.
Still I sing my lovelorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain,
Whilst each passer by, in pity,
Cries, 'God help thee, Crazy Jane.'

The sweet little Girl.

MY friends all declare that my time is
mispent,
While in rural retirement I rove; (sent,
I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune has
With the sweet little girl that I love.

The rose on her cheek's my delight,
She's soft as the down on the dove;
No lily was ever so white,
As the sweet little girl that I love.
Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the
scene,

For my fair one delights in my grove;
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green
With the sweet little girl that I love.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praise wish to prove;
My happiness centres in Fanny alone,
She's the sweet little girl that I love.

Marian's my Lily and Flora's my Rose.

WHEN first I saw Flora, so sprightly
and blooming
She enamour'd my fancy, devoid of all art:
Then Marian, the gentle, soft, sweet, un-
suming,

Appear'd, & with Flora divided my heart,
My posy of love two sweet flow'rs compose
For Marian's my lily, and Flora's my rose.
How happy with Marian could I be united!
Yet to part with sweet Flora, ah! could I
consent!

And if with her hand my love Flora received,
The thoughts of dear Marian might banish
content.

My posy of love only wounds my repose,
I pine for the lily, and droop for the rose.
So my mind to declare still embarrass'd I tarry
How can I ask one, while enamour'd of both
Then weave me a cypress, for ne'er can I marry
For the tongue that would falter must ne'er
take the oath.

My posy of love can but anguish disclose.
Adieu to the lily! farewell to the rose!

Will you come to the Bower

WILL you come to the bower I have sha-
ded for you,

As bed shall be roses all spangled with dew,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the bow'r?

There under the shade on roses you lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in
your eye.

Will you, will you &c.
Smile my belov'd?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip

Will you, will you, &c.
Kiss me, my love?

And, oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing posies, or kisses from you

Will you, will you, &c.
Won't you, my love?

I'll come to the Bower.

WILL you promise, with roses no thorns
there shall be?

And I'll come to the bow'r you have shaded
for me.

Will you, will you come to the bow'r?

As under the shade on soft roses we lie,
With a blush on each cheek, and a love-
laughing eye.

Will you, will you, &c.
Say my belov'd?

From the roses we press, what joys shall be
found, (round,

Whose kisses so sweet shed their fragrance a-
Will you, will you, &c.

Kiss me, my love.

But shew me the ring far sweeter than dew
From the falt'ring roses, or kisses from you.

Will you, will you, &c.
Can you, my love.



The Vicar and Moses.

AT the sign of the Horse,
Old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot:

O'er a jorum of nappy,
Quite pleasant and happy,

Was placed this canonical sot.
Fol de roi, de roi fol, &c.

The evening was dark,
When in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission,

First stroked his cravat,
Then twisted round his hat,
And, bowing, preferred his position

"I'm come, sir," says he,
To beg, look, d'ye see,
Of your reverence's worship and glory.

To enter a poor baby
With as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lantern before ye."

"The baby we'll bury,
But, pray, what's the hurry?"
"Why, lord, sir, the corpse is fast stay!"

"You fool, hold your peace!
Since miracles cease,
A corpse, (Moses, can't run away."

Then Moses he smil'd,
Saying, "Sir, a small child
Cannot long, sure, delay your intentions,"

"Why that's true, by St. Paul,
A child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions."

"Bring Moses some beer,
And me some,---d'ye hear?
I hate to be called from my liquor;

Come, Moses, "the King,"
What a scandalous thing
Such a subject should be but a vicar!"

Then Moses he spoke,---
"Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock;
Besides, there's a terrible shower."

"Why, Moses, you elf,
Since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more."

"Besides my dear friend,
To this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,

That the corpse, snow or rain,
Can't endanger, that's plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold"

Then Moses went on,---
"Sir, the clock has struck one;
Pray, master, look up at that hand."

"Why, it ne'er can strike less;
'Tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand."

At length hat and cloak
Old Orthodox took,
But first crammed his jaw with a quid;

Each tipt off a gill,
For fear they should chill,
And then staggered away side by side.

When come to the grave,
The clerk hummed a stave
While the surplice was wrapt round the priest,

So droll was the figure
Of Moses and Vicar
That the parish still laugh at the jest.

"Good people, let's pray---
Put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble;

'Tis best to take care,
Though the sages declare
A mortum caput can't tumble.

"Woman that's of man--born--
That's wrong; the leaf's torn...
A man that is born of a woman
Can't continue on trees;
Is cut down like a flower;
You see, Moses, Death spares no man!"
"Here, Moses, do look,
What a confounded book!
Sure the letters are turned upside down;
Such a scandalous print!
Why, the devil is in't.
That a blockhead should print for the crown!"

"Prithee, Moses, you read,
For I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead."
(Amen, amen.)
"Why, Moses, you're wrong,
You fool, hold your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head."
"Oh, where's thy sting, Death...
Put the corpse in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather."
So the corpse was interred
Without praying a word,
And away they both staggered together.
Singing.--Fol de rol, de rol lol, &c.

Julia to the Wood Robin.

STAY sweet enchantress of the grove,
Leave not so soon thy native tree,
O warble still those notes of love,
While my fond heart responds to thee.
Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with thy parting lay,
And I will answer with a tear.
But soon as spring, enwreath'd with flowers
Comes dancing o'er the new-drest plain,
Return and cheer thy natal bowers,
My Robin, with those notes again.

The Kiss dear Maid.

THE Kiss dear Maid thy lips hast left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift,
Untainted back to thine.
The parting glance that fondly beams,
An equal love may see,
The tear that from thy eyelid streams,
Can weep no change in me.
I ask no change to make me blest,
In gazing when alone,
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.
By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart no longer free;
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

The White Cockade.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen.

But now he makes my heart fu' sad,
He takes the field wi' his white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving lad,
He is a brisk an' a bonny lad,
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My good grey mare, and hawkit cow,
To buy myself a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy with a white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, &c.

When bidden to the Wake or Fair.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain,
'Till Phoebe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd fast off all the train.
If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The ribbon gay, or silken glove;
With eager haste I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd to love.
My posy on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move,
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

Drink of this Cup

DRINK of this cup---you'll find there's
a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality---
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the
'op of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain
every drop of it.
Send round the cup---for, oh! there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality:
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen.
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Never was philter form'd with such power.
To charm & bewilder as this we are quaffing
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold, in the fields it stood
laughing. (All'd
There, having by Nature's enchantment been
With the balm and the bloom of her kind-
liest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought
together! (spell in
Then drink of the cup---you'll find there's a
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality--
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen.
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

the gaily circling Glass

BY the gaily circling glass,
We can see how minutes pass,
By the hollow flask we hold,
How the waning night grows old,
Soon, top, soon, the busy day,
Drives us from our sport away,
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you
By the silence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foretel th' approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
Let no precious moment slip,
Flout the moralizing ass,
Joys find entrance at the lip.

Blow, thou Winter Wind.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen;
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou canst not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot;
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remembered not.

Fly from the World, Oh! Bessy to Me.

FLY from the world, Oh! Bessy to me,
Thou wilt never find any sincerer,
I'll give up the world, Oh! Bessy for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer.
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our love will be censured by many,
All, all have their follies and who will deny,
That ours is the sweetest of any.

When your lip has met mine, in delight so
sweet,

Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet
No! rather 'twas Heaven, that did it.
So innocent love is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it, (hp,
Thus I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your
And I'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, Oh! fly to his shed
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on your bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest.
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest;
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest.

Oh! when we lie on our death bed, my
love

back on the of our errors

And death be my reward,
And each to the other a
Farewell, let us part with a sigh,
Thy last fading glance will I never
And a kiss be our parting embrace

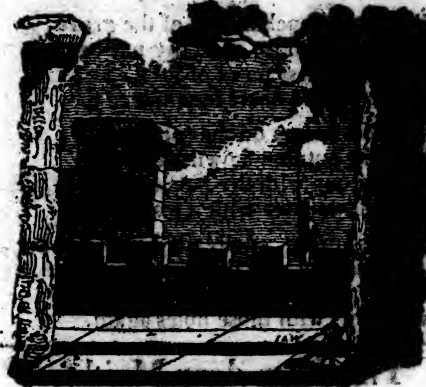
Maiden of Staffa

MAIDEN of Staffa, bet, beware,
Of smiles that beam but to betray,
Of many a bright but fatal snare
Will steal thy life and peace away.
Thy veins rich flow is pure and sweet,
But ah! too quickly may it fleet;
Tremble, lest my wild lay spurning,
With unholy passion burning.

Tremble, &c.

Maiden of Staffa, be warn'd,
And save thyself from ruin and the grave.
Maiden; &c

When the first moon beaute illumineth
Plain and stream, and mount, beware!
Then, in every haunt of gloom,
Mystic beings weave the snare.
List not to the fatal wooing,
Lest it lure thee to thy ruin;
Tremble, lest my wild lay spurning, &c.



All's Well.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim nights cheerless
noon
On tower, or fort, or tented ground
The sentry walks his lonely round,
And should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way---
Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;
A friend! the word? good night! all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while the thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well-known voice salutes the ear---
What cheer? ho, brother, quickly tell;
Above! below! good night! all's well!

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court.